

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then  
Proclaime my brother Mortimer?  
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,  
That with'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.  
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne  
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,  
And for his sake, wore the detested blot  
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,  
That you a world of curses vndergoe,  
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,  
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?  
O pardon, if that I defend so low,  
To shew the Line, and the Predicament  
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.  
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,  
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your Nobility and Power,  
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe  
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)  
To put downe Richard, that sweet louely Rose,  
And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off  
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?  
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your felues  
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.  
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,  
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say—

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.

And now I will vnclasp a Secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,  
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,  
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud  
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:  
Send danger from the East vnto the West,  
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: The blood more stirs  
To towze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,  
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,  
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:  
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare  
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend:  
Good Cousin giue me audience for a while,  
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same Noble Scottes—

That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.

By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:

No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,

And lend no eare vnto my purposes.  
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer:

Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.

But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,

And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer.

Nay, Ile haue a Startling shall be taught to speake

Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him;

To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie,

Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,

And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.

But that I thinke his Father loues him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I would haue payson'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongue'd & impatient foole

Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,

Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,

Neeld, and stung with Pismires, when I heare

Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time: What de'ye call the place?

A plague vpon't, it is in Gloucestershire:

Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,

His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee

Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:

When you and he came backe from Ravenspurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a caudie deale of euerlesie,

This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,

Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,

And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin:

O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgie me,

Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,

We'll stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners,

Deliver them vp without their ransome straight,

And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane

For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd

Will easily be granted you, my Lord.

Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl'y'd,

Shall secretly into the bosome creepe

Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,

The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

Wor. True, who beares hard

His Brothers death at Brisfow, the Lord Scroope.

I speake not this in estimation,

As what I thinke might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,

And onely staves but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:

Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke

To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed;

To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:

For, beare our felues as euen as we can,

The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt;

And thinke, we thinke our felues vnsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.

And see already, how he doth beginne

To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,

Then I by Letters shall direct your course

When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:

Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,

Where you, and Douglas, and our powres at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meeete,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now well told at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrine, I trust.

Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,

Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be

hang'd. Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet

our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Of. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few

Flockes in the point: the poore lade is wrung in the wi-

thers, out of all celfe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,

and this is the next way to giue poore lades the Bores:

This house is turned vpside downe since Robin the Ostler

died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats

role, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al

London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chri-

stendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene since the

first Cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Tournen, and

then weleake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye

breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd: come

away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of

Ginger, to be delivered as faste as Charing-crosse.

1. Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued.

What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in

thy head? Can'tst thou heare? And 'twere not as good a

deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Vil-

laine. Come and be hang'd, ha't no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanterne to see my Geld

ding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay soft I pray you

of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me t

2. Car. I, when, canst tell

(quoth a) marry Ile see thee

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What

to London?

2. Car. Time enough to

warrant thee. Come neighb

the Gentlemen, they will also

haue great charge.

Enter Ch

Gad. What ho, Chamber

Cham. At hand quoth P

Gad. That's euen as faire

berlaime: For ibbourarie

ies, then giuing dire

lay't the plot, how

Cham. Good morrow M

rant that I told you yester

wilde of Kent, hath brought

him in Gold: I heard him tell

night at Supper; a kinde of A

dance of charge too: God kn

ready, and call for Egges

prently.

Gad. Sirra, if they mee

Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it

Hangman, for I know thou

ly as a man of falshood may

Gad. What talkest thou

hang, Ile make a fat payre of

old Sir John hangs with mee,

Straweling. Tut, there are q

not of, the which (for sport

Profession some grace; that w

look'd into) for their owne

I am ioynd with no Foot-lar

fix-penny strikers, none of th

hu'd-Maltwormes, but with

Bourgomasters, and great O

such as will strike sooner the

then drinke, and drinke soon

for they pray continually vnt

wealth; or rather, not to pra

they ride vp & downe on her

Cham. What, the Comm

she hold out water in foule w

Gad. She will, she will; I u

steale as in a Castle, cockfure

seede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rat

to the Night, then to the Fer

uisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand

Thou shalt haue a share in ou

As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me

Theefe.

Gad. Go too: Homo is

Bid the Ostler bring the Gel

well, ye muddy Knaue.